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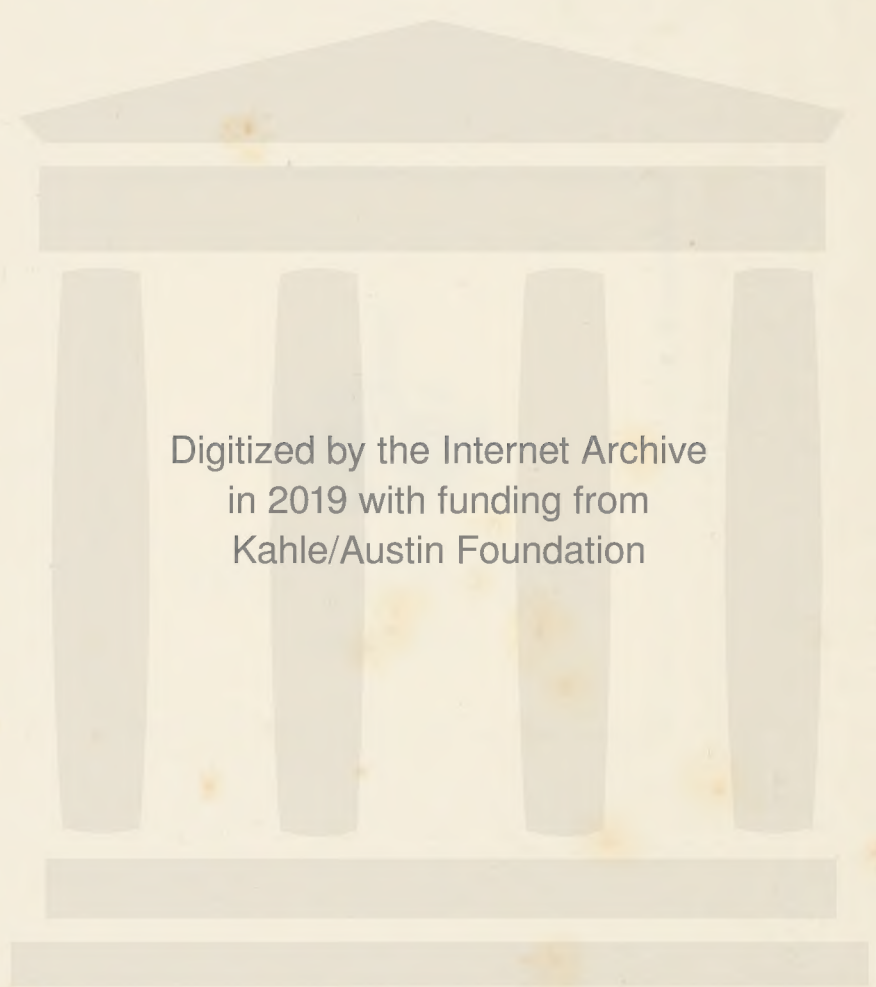


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THE NOEL DOUGLAS REPLICAS  
WILLIAM BLAKE · POETICAL  
SKETCHES

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Blake, William  
...

P O E T I C A L

S K E T C H E S.

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By W. B.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M D C C L X X X I I I .

PR 4144 .P6 1783a

## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HE following Sketches were the production of untutored youth, commenced in his twelfth, and occasionally resumed by the author till his twentieth year ; since which time, his talents having been wholly directed to the attainment of excellence in his profession, he has been deprived of the leisure requisite to such a revival of these sheets, as might have rendered them less unfit to meet the public eye.

Conscious of the irregularities and defects to be found in almost every page, his friends have still believed that they possessed a poetical originality, which merited some respite from oblivion. These their opinions remain, however, to be now reprov'd or confirm'd by a less partial public.



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## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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### T O S P R I N G .

**O** THOU, with dewy locks, who lookest  
down  
Thro' the clear windows of the morning; turn  
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,  
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the list'ning  
Vallies hear; all our longing eyes are turned  
Up to thy bright pavillions: issue forth,  
And let thy holy feet visit our clime.

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds  
Kiss thy perfumed garments; let us taste  
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls  
Upon our love-sick land that mourns for thee.

B

O deck

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers ; pour  
 Thy soft kisses on her bosom ; and put  
 Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,  
 Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee !

## T O S U M M E R .

**O** THOU, who passest thro' our vallies in  
 Thy strength, curb thy fierce steeds, allay  
 the heat

That flames from their large nostrils ! thou, O  
 Summer,

Oft pitched'st here thy golden tent, and oft  
 Beneath our oaks hast slept, while we beheld  
 With joy, thy ruddy limbs and flourishing hair.

Beneath our thickest shades we oft have heard  
 Thy voice, when noon upon his fervid car  
 Rode o'er the deep of heaven ; beside our springs  
 Sit down, and in our mossy vallies, on  
 Some bank beside a river clear, throw thy  
 Silk draperies off, and rush into the stream :  
 Our vallies love the Summer in his pride.

Our bards are fam'd who strike the silver wire :  
 Our youth are bolder than the fouthern swains :  
 Our maidens fairer in the sprightly dance :  
 We lack not songs, nor instruments of joy,  
 Nor echoes sweet, nor waters clear as heaven,  
 Nor laurel wreaths against the sultry heat.

## T O A U T U M N

O A U T U M N, laden with fruit, and stained  
 With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit  
 Beneath my shady roof, there thou may'st rest,  
 And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe ;  
 And all the daughters of the year shall dance !  
 Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.

“ The narrow bud opens her beauties to  
 “ The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins ;  
 “ Blossoms hang round the brows of morning, and  
 “ Flourish down the bright cheek of modest eve,  
 “ Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,  
 “ And feather'd clouds strew flowers round her  
 “ head.

“ The spirits of the air live on the smells  
 “ Of fruit ; and joy, with pinions light, roves round  
 “ The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.”  
 Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat,  
 Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak  
 Hills fled from our sight ; but left his golden load.

## T O W I N T E R.

O WINTER! bar thine adamaatine doors :  
The north is thine ; there hast thou built thy  
dark

Deep-founded habitation. Shake not thy roofs,  
Nor bend thy pillars with thine iron car.

He hears me not, but o'er the yawning deep  
Rides heavy ; his forms are unchain'd ; sheathed  
In ribbed steel, I dare not lift mine eyes ;  
For he hath rear'd his sceptre o'er the world.

Lo ! now the direful monster, whose skin clings  
To his strong bones, strides o'er the groaning rocks :  
He withers all in silence, and in his hand  
Unclothes the earth, and freezes up frail life.

He takes his feat upon the cliffs, the mariner  
Cries in vain. Poor little wretch ! that deal'st  
With storms ; till heaven smiles, and the monster  
Is driv'n yelling to his caves beneath mount Hecla.



T O T H E  
E V E N I N G S T A R.

**T**HOU fair-hair'd angel of the evening,  
Now, whilst the sun rests on the mountains,  
light

Thy bright torch of love; thy radiant crown  
Put on, and smile upon our evening bed!  
Smile on our loves; and, while thou drawest the  
Blue curtains of the sky, scatter thy silver dew  
On every flower that shuts its sweet eyes  
In timely sleep. Let thy west wind sleep on  
The lake; speak fi ence with thy glimmering eyes,  
And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,  
Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,  
And the lion glares thro' the dun forest:  
The fleeces of our flocks are cover'd with  
Thy sacred dew: protect them with thine in-  
fluence.

T O

## T O M O R N I N G .

**O** HOLY virgin ! clad in purest white,  
Unlock heav'n's golden gates, and issue forth ;  
Awake the dawn that sleeps in heaven ; let light  
Rise from the chambers of the east, and bring  
The honied dew that cometh on waking day.  
O radiant morning, salute the sun,  
Rouz'd like a huntsman to the chace ; and, with  
Thy buskin'd feet, appear upon our hills.

## FAIR ELENOR.

**T**HE bell struck one, and shook the silent  
tower ;

The graves give up their dead : fair Elenor  
Walk'd by the castle gate, and looked in.  
A hollow groan ran thro' the dreary vaults.

She shriek'd aloud, and sunk upon the steps  
On the cold stone her pale cheeks. Sickly smells  
Of death, issue as from a sepulchre,  
And all is silent but the sighing vaults.

Chill death withdraws his hand, and she revives ;  
Amaz'd, she finds herself upon her feet,  
And, like a ghost, thro' narrow passages  
Walking, feeling the cold walls with her hands.

Fancy returns, and now she thinks of bones,  
And grinning skulls, and corruptible death,  
Wrap'd in his shroud ; and now, fancies she hears  
Deep sighs, and sees pale sickly ghosts gliding.

At length, no fancy, but reality  
Distracts her. A rushing sound, and the feet  
Of one that fled, approaches—Ellen stood,  
Like a dumb statue, froze to stone with fear.

The

The wretch approaches, crying, "The deed is  
" done ;

" Take this, and fend it by whom thou wilt fend ;

" It is my life—fend it to Elenor :—

" He's dead, and howling after me for blood !

" Take this," he cry'd; and thrust into her arms  
A wet napkin, wrap'd about ; then rush'd  
Past, howling : she receiv'd into her arms  
Pale death, and follow'd on the wings of fear.

They pass'd swift thro' the outer gate ; the wretch,  
Howling, leap'd o'er the wall into the moat,  
Stifling in mud. Fair Ellen pass'd the bridge,  
And heard a gloomy voice cry, " Is it done ?"

As the deer wounded Ellen flew over  
The pathless plain ; as the arrows that fly  
By night ; destruction flies, and strikes in darkness,  
She fled from fear, till at her house arriv'd.

Her maids await her ; on her bed she falls,  
That bed of joy, where erst her lord hath press'd :  
" Ah, woman's fear !" she cry'd ; " Ah, cursed  
" duke !

" Ah, my dear lord ! ah, wretched Elenor !

" My lord was like a flower upon the brows  
" Of lusty May ! Ah, life as frail as flower !

" O ghastly

“ O ghastly death ! withdraw thy cruel hand,  
 “ Seek’st thou that flow’r to deck thy horrid  
 “ temples ?

“ My lord was like a star, in highest heav’n  
 “ Drawn down to earth by spells and wickedness :  
 “ My lord was like the opening eyes of day,  
 “ When western winds creep softly o’er the flowers :

“ But he is darken’d ; like the summer’s noon,  
 “ Clouded ; fall’n like the stately tree, out down ;  
 “ The breath of heaven dwelt among his leaves.  
 “ O Elenor, weak woman, fill’d with woe !”

Thus having spoke, she raised up her head,  
 And saw the bloody napkin by her side,  
 Which in her arms she brought ; and now tenfold  
 More terrified, saw it unfold itself.

Her eyes were fix’d ; the bloody cloth unfolds,  
 Disclosing to her sight the murder’d head  
 Of her dear lord, all ghastly pale, clotted  
 With gory blood ; it groan’d, and thus it spake :

“ O Elenor, I am thy husband’s head,  
 “ Who, sleeping on the stones of yonder tower,  
 “ Was ’rest of life by the accursed duke !  
 “ A hired villain turn’d my sleep to death !

“ O Elenor, beware the cursed duke,  
 “ O give not him thy hand, now I am dead ;

“ He seeks thy love ; who, coward, in the night,  
 “ Hired a villain to bereave my life.”

She sat with dead cold limbs, stiffen'd to stone ;  
 She took the gory head up in her arms ;  
 She kiss'd the pale lips ; she had no tears to shed ;  
 She hugg'd it to her breast, and groan'd her last.

\*\*\*\*\*

## S O N G .

**H**OW sweet I roam'd from field to field,  
 And tasted all the summer's pride,  
 'Till I the prince of love beheld,  
 Who in the sunny beams did glide !

He shew'd me lilies for my hair,  
 And blushing roses for my brow ;  
 He led me through his gardens fair,  
 Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,  
 And Phœbus fir'd my vocal rage ;  
 He caught me in his silken net,  
 And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
 Then, laughing, sports and plays with me ;  
 Then stretches out my golden wing,  
 And mocks my loss of liberty.

S O N G .

[ 11 ]

S O N G.

**M**Y filks and fine array,  
My smiles and languish'd air,  
By love are driv'n away;  
And mournful lean Despair  
Brings me yew to deck my grave:  
Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heav'n,  
When springing buds unfold;  
O why to him was't giv'n,  
Whose heart is wintry cold?  
His breast is love's all worship'd tomb,  
Where all love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,  
Bring me a winding sheet;  
When I my grave have made,  
Let winds and tempests beat:  
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.  
True love doth pass away!

## S O N G.

**L** O V E and harmony combine,  
 And around our souls intwine,  
 While thy branches mix with mine,  
 And our roots together join.

Joys upon our branches fit,  
 Chirping loud, and singing sweet ;  
 Like gentle streams beneath our feet  
 Innocence and virtue meet.

Thou the golden fruit dost bear,  
 I am clad in flowers fair ;  
 Thy sweet boughs perfume the air,  
 And the turtle buildeth there.

There she sits and feeds her young,  
 Sweet I hear her mournful song ;  
 And thy lovely leaves among,  
 There is love : I hear her tongue.

There his charming nest doth lay,  
 There he sleeps the night away ;  
 There he sports along the day,  
 And doth among our branches play.



## S O N G.

I LOVE the jocund dance,  
 The softly-breathing song,  
 Where innocent eyes do glance,  
 And where lips the maiden's tongue,

I love the laughing vale,  
 I love the echoing hill,  
 Where mirth does never fail,  
 And the jolly swain laughs his fill,

I love the pleasant cot,  
 I love the innocent bow'r,  
 Where white and brown is our lot,  
 Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken feat,  
 Beneath the oaken tree,  
 Where all the old villagers meet,  
 And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,  
 But, Kitty, I better love thee;  
 And love them I ever shall;  
 But thou art all to me.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

**M**EMORY, hither come,  
 And tune your merry notes ;  
 And, while upon the wind,  
     Your music floats,  
 I'll pore upon the stream,  
 Where fighting lovers dream,  
 And fish for fancies as they pass  
 Within the watery glafs.

I'll drink of the clear stream,  
     And hear the linnet's song ;  
 And there I'll lie and dream  
     The day along :  
 And, when night comes, I'll go  
     To places fit for woe ;  
 Walking along the darken'd valley,  
     With silent Melancholy.

M A D

M A D S O N G.

**T**HE wild winds weep,  
And the night is a-cold ;  
Come hither, Sleep,  
And my griefs unfold :  
But lo ! the morning peeps  
Over the eastern steeps,  
And the rustling beds of dawn  
The earth do scorn.

Lo ! to the vault  
Of paved heaven,  
With sorrow fraught  
My notes are driven :  
They strike the ear of night,  
Make weep the eyes of day ;  
They make mad the roaring winds,  
And with tempests play.

Like a fiend in a cloud  
With howling woe,  
After night I do croud,  
And with night will go ;  
I turn my back to the east,  
From whence comforts have increas'd ;  
For light doth seize my brain  
With frantic pain.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

**F**RESH from the dewy hill, the merry year  
Smiles on my head, and mounts his flaming  
car ;

Round my young brows the laurel wreathes a shade,  
And rising glories beam around my head.

My feet are wing'd, while o'er the dewy lawn,  
I meet my maiden, risen like the morn :  
Oh blest those holy feet, like angels' feet ;  
Oh blest those limbs, beaming with heav'nly light !

Like as an angel glitt'ring in the sky,  
In times of innocence, and holy joy ;  
The joyful shepherd stops his grateful song,  
To hear the music of an angel's tongue.

So when she speaks, the voice of Heaven I hear  
So when we walk, nothing impure comes near ;  
Each field seems Eden, and each calm retreat ;  
Each village seems the haunt of holy feet.

But that sweet village where my black-ey'd maid,  
Closes her eyes in sleep beneath night's shade :  
Whene'er I enter, more than mortal fire  
Burns in my soul, and does my song inspire.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

**W**HEN early morn walks forth in sober  
grey;

Then to my black ey'd maid I haste away,  
When evening sits beneath her dusky bow'r,  
And gently sighs away the silent hour;  
The village bell alarms, away I go;  
And the vale darkens at my pensive woe.

To that sweet village, where my black ey'd maid  
Doth drop a tear beneath the silent shade,  
I turn my eyes; and, pensive as I go,  
Curse my black stars, and bless my pleasing woe.

Oft when the summer sleeps among the trees,  
Whisp'ring faint murmurs to the scanty breeze,  
I walk the village round; if at her side  
A youth doth walk in stolen joy and pride,  
I curse my stars in bitter grief and woe,  
That made my love so high, and me so low.

O should she e'er prove false, his limbs I'd tear,  
And throw all pity on the burning air;  
I'd curse bright fortune for my mixed lot,  
And then I'd die in peace, and be forgot.

D

T O

## T O T H E M U S E S .

**W**HETHER on Ida's shady brow,  
 Or in the chambers of the East,  
 The chambers of the sun, that now  
 From antient melody have ceas'd;

Whether in Heav'n ye wander fair,  
 Or the green corners of the earth,  
 Or the blue regions of the air,  
 Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on chrystal rocks ye rove,  
 Beneath the bosom of the sea  
 Wand'ring in many a coral grove,  
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the antient love  
 That bards of old enjoy'd in you!  
 The languid strings do scarcely move!  
 The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

G W I N,

## GWIN, KING OF NORWAY.

**C**OME, Kings, and listen to my song,  
When Gwin, the son of Nore,  
Over the nations of the North  
His cruel sceptre bore :

The Nobles of the land did feed  
Upon the hungry Poor ;  
They tear the poor man's lamb, and drive  
The needy from their door !

The land is desolate ; our wives  
And children cry for bread ;  
Arise, and pull the tyrant down ;  
Let Gwin be humbled.

Gordred the giant rous'd himself  
From sleeping in his cave ;  
He shook the hills, and in the clouds  
The troubl'd banners wave.

Beneath them roll'd, like tempests black,  
The num'rous fons of blood ;  
Like lions' whelps, roaring abroad,  
Seeking their nightly food.

Down Bleron's hills they dreadful rush,  
 Their cry ascends the clouds ;  
 The trampling horse, and clanging arms  
 Like rushing mighty floods !

Their wives and children, weeping loud,  
 Follow in wild array,  
 Howling like ghosts, furious as wolves  
 In the bleak wintry day.

“ Pull down the tyrant to the dust,  
 “ Let Gwin be humbled,”  
 They cry ; “ and let ten thousand lives  
 “ Pay for the tyrant's head.”

From tow'r to tow'r the watchmen cry,  
 “ O Gwin, the son of Nore,  
 “ Arouse thyself ! the nations black,  
 “ Like clouds, come rolling o'er !”

Gwin rear'd his shield, his palace shakes,  
 His chiefs come rushing round ;  
 Each, like an awful thunder cloud,  
 With voice of solemn found .

Like reared stones around a grave  
 They stand around the King ;  
 Then suddenly each seiz'd his spear,  
 And clashing steel does ring.



The husbandman does leave his plow,  
To wade thro' fields of gore ;  
The merchant binds his brows in steel,  
And leaves the trading shore :

The shepherd leaves his mellow pipe,  
And sounds the trumpet shrill ;  
The workman throws his hammer down  
To heave the bloody bill.

Like the tall ghost of Barraton,  
Who sports in stormy sky,  
Gwin leads his host as black as night,  
When pestilence does fly.

With horses and with chariots—  
And all his spearmen bold,  
March to the sound of mournful song,  
Like clouds around him roll'd.

Gwin lifts his hand—the nations halt ;  
“ Prepare for war,” he cries——  
Gordred appears !—his frowning brow  
Troubles our northern skies.

The armies stand, like balances  
Held in th' Almighty's hand ;——  
“ Gwin, thou hast fill'd thy measure up,  
“ Thou'rt swept from out the land.”

And

And now the raging armies rush'd,  
Like warring mighty seas;  
The Heav'ns are shook with roaring war,  
The dust ascends the skies!

Earth smokes with blood, and groans, and shakes,  
To drink her childrens' gore,  
A sea of blood; nor can the eye  
See to the trembling shore!

And on the verge of this wild sea  
Famine and death doth cry;  
The cries of women and of babes.  
Over the field doth fly,

The King is seen raging afar,  
With all his men of might;  
Like blazing comets, scattering death  
Thro' the red fev'rous night,

Beneath his arm like sheep they die,  
And groan upon the plain;  
The battle faints, and bloody men  
Fight upon hills of slain.

Now death is sick, and riven men  
Labour and toil for life;  
Steed rolls on steed, and shield on shield,  
Sunk in this sea of strife!

The

The god of war is drunk with blood,  
 The earth doth faint and fail ;  
 The stench of blood makes sick the heav'ns ;  
 Ghosts glut the throat of hell !

O what have Kings to answer for,  
 Before that awful throne !  
 When thousand deaths for vengeance cry,  
 And ghosts accusing groan !

Like blazing comets in the sky,  
 That shake the stars of light,  
 Which drop like fruit unto the earth,  
 Thro' the fierce burning night ;

Like these did Gwin and Gordred meet,  
 And the first blow decides ;  
 Down from the brow unto the breast  
 Gordred his head divides !

Gwin fell ; the Sons of Norway fled,  
 All that remain'd alive ;  
 The rest did fill the vale of death,  
 For them the eagles strive.

The river Dorman roll'd their blood  
 Into the northern sea ;  
 Who mourn'd his sons, and overwhelm'd  
 The pleasant south country.

A N

## IMITATION OF SPENCER.

**G**OLDEN Apollo, that thro' heaven wide  
 Scatter'ft the rays of light, and truth's beams!  
 In lucent words my darkling verfes dight,  
 And wash my earthy mind in thy clear freams,  
 That wifdom may defcend in fairy dreams :  
 All while the jocund hours in thy train  
 Scatter their fancies at thy poet's feet ;  
 And when thou yields to night thy wide domain,  
 Let rays of truth enlight his fleeping brain.

For brutifh Pan in vain might thee affay  
 With tinkling founds to dafh thy nervous verfe,  
 Sound without fenfe ; yet in his rude affray,  
 (For ignorance is Folly's leefing nurfe,  
 And love of Folly needs none others curfe ;)   
 Midas the praife hath gain'd of lengthen'd cares,  
 For which himfelf might deem him ne'er the  
 worfe  
 To fit in council with his modern peers,  
 And judge of tinkling rhimes, and elegances terfe.

And thou, Mercurius, that with winged brow  
 Dofte mount aloft into the yielding fky,  
 And thro' Heav'n's halls thy airy flight doft throw,  
 Entering

AN IMITATION OF SPENCER. 25

Entering with holy feet to where on high

Jove weighs the counsel of futurity ;

Then, laden with eternal fate, dost go  
Down, like a falling star, from autumn sky,  
And o'er the surface of the silent deep dost fly.

If thou arrivest at the sandy shore,

Where nought but envious hissing adders dwell,

Thy golden rod, thrown on the dusty floor,  
Can charm to harmony with potent spell ;  
Such is sweet Eloquence, that does dispel

Envy and Hate, that thirst for human gore :  
And cause in sweet society to dwell  
Vile savage minds that lurk in lonely cell.

O Mercury, assist my lab'ring sense,

That round the circle of the world wou'd fly !

As the wing'd eagle scorns the tow'ry fence  
Of Alpine hills round his high aery,  
And searches thro' the corners of the sky,  
Sports in the clouds to hear the thunder's sound,  
And see the winged lightnings as they fly,  
Then, bosom'd in an amber cloud, around  
Plumes his wide wings, and seeks Sol's palace high.

And thou, O warrior, maid invincible,

Arm'd with the terrors of Almighty Jove !

Pallas, Minerva, maiden terrible,  
Lov'st thou to walk the peaceful solemn grove,  
In solemn gloom of branches interwove ?

E

Or

Or bear'st thy Egis o'er the burning field,  
 Where, like the sea, the waves of battle move?  
 Or have thy soft piteous eyes beheld  
 The weary wanderer thro' the desert rove?  
 Or does th' afflicted man thy heav'nly bosom move?

---

### BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

**W**HEN silver Snow decks Susan's cloaths,  
 And jewel hangs at th' shepherd's nose,  
 The blushing bank is all my care,  
 With hearth so red, and walls so fair;  
 "Heap the sea-coal; come, heap it higher,  
 "The oaken log lay on the fire:"  
 The well-wash'd stools, a circling row,  
 With lad and lass, how fair the show!  
 The merry can of nut-brown ale,  
 The laughing jest, the love-sick tale,  
 'Till tir'd of chat, the game begins,  
 The lasses prick the lads with pins;  
 Roger from Dolly twitch'd the stool,  
 She falling, kiss'd the ground, poor fool!  
 She blush'd so red, with side-long glance  
 At hob-nail Dick, who griev'd the chance.  
 But now for Blind-man's Buff they call;  
 Of each incumbrance clear the hall—  
 Jenny her filken 'kerchief folds,  
 And blear-ey'd Will the black lot holds;

Now

Now laughing, stops, with "Silence! hush!"  
 And Peggy Pout gives Sam a push.—  
 The Blind-man's arms, extended wide,  
 Sam slips between;—"O woe betide  
 Thee, clumsy Will!"—but titt'ring Kate  
 Is pen'd up in the corner strait!  
 And now Will's eyes beheld the play,  
 He thought his face was t'other way.—  
 "Now, Kitty, now; what chance hast thou,  
 "Roger so near thee, Trips; I vow!  
 She catches him—then Roger ties  
 His own head up—but not his eyes;  
 For thro' the slender cloth he sees,  
 And runs at Sam, who slips with ease  
 His clumsy hold; and, dodging round,  
 Sukey is tumbled on the ground!—  
 "See what it is to play unfair!  
 "Where cheating is, there's mischief there."  
 But Roger still pursues the chace,—  
 "He sees! he sees! cries softly Grace;  
 "O Roger, thou, unskill'd in art,  
 "Must, surer bound, go thro' thy part!"  
 Now Kitty, pert, repeats the rhymes,  
 And Roger turns him round three times;  
 Then pauses ere he starts—but Dick  
 Was mischief bent upon a trick:  
 Down on his hands and knees he lay,  
 Directly in the Blind-man's way—  
 Then cries out, "Hem!" Hodge heard, and ran  
 With hood-wink'd chance—sure of his man;

But down he came.—Alas, how frail  
 Our best of hopes, how soon they fail !  
 With crimson drops he stains the ground,  
 Confusion startles all around !  
 Poor piteous Dick supports his head,  
 And fain would cure the hurt he made ;  
 But Kitty hasted with a key,  
 And down his back they strait convey  
 The cold relief—the blood is stay'd,  
 And Hodge again holds up his head.  
 Such are the fortunes of the game,  
 And those who play should stop the same  
 By wholesome laws ; such as all those  
 Who on the blinded man impose.  
 Stand in his stead as long a-gone  
 When men were first a nation grown ;  
 Lawless they liv'd—till wantonness  
 And liberty began t' increase ;  
 And one man lay in another's way,  
 Then laws were made to keep fair play.



KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

P E R S O N S.

<i>King Edward.</i>	<i>Lord Audley.</i>
<i>The Black Prince.</i>	<i>Lord Percy.</i>
<i>Queen Philippa.</i>	<i>Bishop.</i>
<i>Duke of Clarence.</i>	<i>William, Dagworth's</i>
<i>Sir John Chandos.</i>	<i>Man.</i>
<i>Sir Thomas Dagworth.</i>	<i>Peter Blunt, a common</i>
<i>Sir Walter Manny.</i>	<i>Soldier.</i>

---

S C E N E,

*The Coast of France, King Edward and Nobles before  
it. The Army.*

*King.*

**O** THOU, to whose fury the nations are  
 But as dust! maintain thy servant's right.  
 Without thine aid, the twisted mail, and spear,  
 And forged helm, and shield of seven times beaten  
 Are idle trophies of the vanquisher. [brass,  
 When confusion rages, when the field is in a flame,  
 When the cries of blood tear horror from heav'n,  
 And yelling death runs up and down the ranks,  
 Let Liberty, the charter'd right of Englishmen,  
 Won by our fathers in many a glorious field,  
 Eneerve

30 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

Enerve my soldiers ; let Liberty  
Blaze in each countenance, and fire the battle.  
The enemy fight in chains, invifible chains, but  
heavy ;

Their minds are fetter'd ; then how can they be free,  
While, like the mounting flame,  
We fpring to battle o'er the floods of death ?  
And thefe fair youths, the flow'r of England,  
Vent'ring their lives in my moft righteous caufe,  
O fheathe their hearts with triple fteel, that they  
May emulate their fathers' virtues.  
And thou, my fon, be ftrong ; thou fighteft for a  
crown

That death can never ravifh from thy brow,  
A crown of glory : but from thy very duft  
Shall beam a radiance, to fire the breasts  
Of youth unborn ! Our names are written equal  
In fame's wide trophied hall ; 'tis ours to gild  
The letters, and to make them fhine with gold  
That never tarnifhes : whether Third Edward,  
Or the Prince of Wales, or Montacute, or Mor-  
timer, [fame,  
Or ev'n the leaft by birth, fhall gain the brighteft  
Is in his hand to whom all men are equal.  
The world of men are like the num'rous ftars,  
That beam and twinkle in the depth of night,  
Each clad in glory according to his fphere ;—  
But we, that wander from our native feats,  
And beam forth luftre on a darkling world,  
Grow larger as we advance ! and fome perhaps  
The moft obfcure at home, that fcarce were feen

To

KING EDWARD THE THIRD. 31

To twinkle in their Sphere, may so advance,  
That the astonish'd world, with up-turn'd eyes,  
Regardless of the moon, and those that once were  
Stanc only for to gaze upon their splendor! [bright,

[*He here knights the Prince, and other young Nobles.*]

Now let us take a just revenge for those  
Brave Lords, who fell beneath the bloody axe  
At Paris. Thanks, noble Harcourt, for 'twas  
By your advice we landed here in Brittany—  
A country not yet fown with destruction,  
And where the fiery whirlwind of swift war  
Has not yet swept its desolating wing.—  
Into three parties we divide by day,  
And separate march, but join again at night :  
Each knows his rank, and Heav'n marshal all.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *English Court ; Lionel, Duke of Clarence ;  
Queen Philippa, Lords, Bishop, &c.*

*Clarence.*

MY Lords, I have, by the advice of her  
Whom I am doubly bound to obey, my Parent  
And my Sovereign, call'd you together.  
My task is great, my burden heavier than  
My un fledg'd years ;  
Yet, with your kind assistance, Lords, I hope  
England shall dwell in peace ; that while my father  
Toils in his wars, and turns his eyes on this  
His native shore, and sees commerce fly round  
With

32 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

With his white wings, and sees his golden London,  
And her silver Thames, throng'd with shining spires  
And corded ships; her merchants buzzing round  
Like summer bees, and all the golden cities  
In his land, overflowing with honey,  
Glory may not be dimm'd with clouds of care.  
Say, Lords, should not our thoughts be first to  
commerce ?

My Lord Bishop, you would recommend us agriculture ?

*Bishop.* Sweet Prince ! the arts of peace are great,  
And no less glorious than those of war,  
Perhaps more glorious in the philosophic mind.  
When I sit at my home, a private man,  
My thoughts are on my gardens, and my fields,  
How to employ the hand that lacketh bread.  
If Industry is in my diocese,  
Religion will flourish ; each man's heart  
Is cultivated, and will bring forth fruit :  
This is my private duty and my pleasure.  
But as I sit in council with my prince,  
My thoughts take in the gen'ral good of the whole,  
And England is the land favour'd by Commerce ;  
For Commerce, tho' the child of Agriculture,  
Fosters his parent, who else must sweat and toil,  
And gain but scanty fare. Then, my dear Lord,  
Be England's trade our care ; and we, as tradesmen,  
Looking to the gain of this our native land.

*Clar.*

KING EDWARD THE THIRD. 33

*Clar.* O my good Lord, true wisdom drops like  
honey

From your tongue, as from a worship'd oak !  
Forgive, my Lords, my talkative youth, that speaks  
Not merely what my narrow observation has  
Pick'd up, but what I have concluded from your  
lessons :

Now, by the Queen's advice, I ask your leave  
To dine to-morrow with the Mayor of London :  
If I obtain your leave, I have another boon  
To ask, which is, the favour of your company ;  
I fear Lord Percy will not give me leave.

*Percy.* Dear Sir, a prince should always keep his  
state,

And grant his favours with a sparing hand,  
Or they are never rightly valued.  
These are my thoughts, yet it were best to go ;  
But keep a proper dignity, for now  
You represent the sacred person of  
Your father ; 'tis with princes as 'tis with the sun,  
If not sometimes o'er-clouded, we grow weary  
Of his officious glory.

*Clar.* Then you will give me leave to shine some-  
times,

My Lord ?

*Lord.* Thou hast a gallant spirit, which I fear  
Will be imposed on by the closer sort ! [*Aside.*

*Clar.* Well, I'll endeavour to take  
Lord Percy's advice ; I have been used so much  
To dignity, that I'm sick on't.

F

*Queen.*

34 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

*Queen Phil.* Fie, Fie, Lord Clarence; you proceed not to business,

But speak of your own pleasures.

I hope their Lordships will excuse your giddiness.

*Clar.* My Lords, the French have fitted out many Small ships of war, that, like to ravening wolves, Infest our English seas, devouring all Our burden'd vessels, spoiling our naval flocks. The merchants do complain, and beg our aid.

*Percy.* The merchants are rich enough; Can they not help themselves? [will,

*Bish.* They can, and may; but how to gain their Requires our countenance and help.

*Percy.* When that they find they must, my Lord, they will:

Let them but suffer awhile, and you shall see They will bestir themselves.

*Bish.* Lord Percy cannot mean that we should suffer

This disgrace; if so, we are not sovereigns Of the sea; our right, that Heaven gave To England, when at the birth of nature She was seated in the deep, the Ocean ceas'd His mighty roar; and, fawning, play'd around Her snowy feet, and own'd his awful Queen.

Lord Percy, if the heart is sick, the head Must be aggriev'd; if but one member suffer, The heart doth fail. You say, my Lord, the merchants

Can, if they will, defend themselves against

These

These rovers : this is a noble scheme,  
 Worthy the brave Lord Percy, and as worthy  
 His generous aid to put it into practice.

*Percy.* Lord Bishop, what was rash in me, is wise  
 In you ; I dare not own the plan. 'Tis not  
 Mine. Yet will I, if you please,  
 Quickly to the Lord Mayor, and work him on-  
 ward

To this most glorious voyage, on which cast  
 I'll set my whole estate.

But we will bring these Gallic rovers under.

*Queen Phil.* Thanks, brave Lord Percy ; you  
 have the thanks  
 Of England's Queen, and will, ere long, of Eng-  
 land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *At Cressy.* *Sir Thomas Dagworth and  
 Lord Audley, meeting.*

*Aud.* Good motrow, brave Sir Thomas ; the  
 bright morn

Smiles on our army, and the gallant fun  
 Springs from the hills like a young hero  
 Into the battle, shaking his golden locks  
 Exultingly ; this is a promising day.

*Dagw.* Why, my Lord Audley, I don't know.  
 Give me your hand, and now I'll tell you what  
 I think you do not know—Edward's afraid of  
 Philip.

*Aud.* Ha, Ha, Sir Thomas ! you but joke ;

36 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

Did you ere see him fear? At Blanchetaque,  
When almost singly he drove six thousand  
French from the ford, did he fear then?

*Dagw.* Yes, fear; that made him fight so.

*Aud.* By the same reason I might say, 'tis fear  
That makes you fight.

*Dagw.* Mayhap you may; look upon Edward's  
face—

No one can say he fears. But when he turns  
His back, then I will say it to his face,  
He is afraid; he makes us all afraid.

I cannot bear the enemy at my back.

Now here we are at Cressy; where, to-morrow,  
To-morrow we shall know. I say, Lord Audley,  
That Edward runs away from Philip.

*Aud.* Perhaps you think the Prince too is  
afraid?

*Dagw.* No; God forbid! I'm sure he is not—  
He is a young lion. O I have seen him fight,  
And give command, and lightning has flashed  
From his eyes across the field; I have seen him  
Shake hands with death, and strike a bargain for  
The enemy; he has danc'd in the field  
Of battle, like the youth at morrice play.  
I'm sure he's not afraid, nor Warwick, nor none,  
None of us but me; and I am very much afraid.

*Aud.* Are you afraid too, Sir Thomas?  
I believe that as much as I believe  
The King's afraid; but what are you afraid of?

*Dagw.*



KING EDWARD THE THIRD. 37

*Dagw.* Of having my back laid open ; we turn  
Our backs to the fire, till we shall burn our skirts.

*Aud.* And this, Sir Thomas, you call fear ? Your  
fear

Is of a different kind then from the King's ;  
He fears to turn his face, and you to turn your  
back.—

I do not think, Sir Thomas, you know what fear is.

*Enter Sir John Chandos.*

*Chand.* Good morrow, Generals ; I give you joy :  
Welcome to the fields of Cressly. Here we stop,  
And wait for Philip.

*Dagw.* I hope so.

*Aud.* There, Sir Thomas ; do you call that fear ?

*Dagw.* I don't know ; perhaps he takes it by  
fits.

Why, noble Chandos, look you here—  
One rotten sheep spoils the whole flock ;  
And if the bell-weather is tainted, I wish  
The Prince may not catch the distemper too.

*Chand.* Distemper, Sir Thomas ! what distem-  
per ?

I have not heard.

*Dagw.* Why, Chandos, you are a wise man,  
I know you understand me ; a distemper  
The King caught here in France of running away.

*Aud.* Sir Thomas, you say, you have caught it  
too.

*Dag.*

38 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

*Dag.* And so will the whole army; 'tis very catching,

For when the coward runs, the brave man totters.  
Perhaps the air of the country is the cause.—  
I feel it coming upon me, so I strive against it;  
You yet are whole, but after a few more  
Retreats, we all shall know how to retreat  
Better than fight.—To be plain, I think retreating  
Too often, takes away a soldier's courage.

*Chand.* Here comes the King himself; tell him  
your thoughts  
Plainly, Sir Thomas.

*Dagw.* I've told him before, but his disorder  
Makes him deaf.

*Enter King Edward and Black Prince.*

*King.* Good morrow, Generals; when English  
courage fails,  
Down goes our right to France;  
But we are conquerors every where; nothing  
Can stand our soldiers; each man is worthy  
Of a triumph. Such an army of heroes  
Ne'er shouted to the Heav'ns, nor shook the field.  
Edward, my son, thou art  
Most happy, having such command; the man  
Were base who were not fir'd to deeds  
Above heroic, having such examples.

*Prince.* Sire! with respect and deference I look  
Upon such noble souls, and wish myself  
Worthy the high command that Heaven and you  
Have

KING EDWARD THE THIRD. 39

Have given me. When I have seen the field glow,  
And in each countenance the soul of war  
Curb'd by the manliest reason, I have been wing'd  
With certain victory; and 'tis my boast,  
And shall be still my glory. I was inspir'd  
By these brave troops.

*Dagw.* Your Grace had better make  
Them all Generals.

*King.* Sir Thomas Dagworth, you must have  
your joke,  
And shall, while you can fight as you did at  
The Ford.

*Dagw.* I have a small petition to your Majesty.

*King.* What can Sir Thomas Dagworth ask,  
that Edward  
Can refuse?

*Dagw.* I hope your Majesty cannot refuse so  
great  
A trifle; I've gilt your cause with my best blood,  
And would again, were I not forbid  
By him whom I am bound to obey: my hands  
Are tied up, my courage shrunk and wither'd,  
My sinews slacken'd, and my voice scarce heard;  
Therefore I beg I may return to England.

*King.* I know not what you could have ask'd,  
Sir Thomas,  
'That I would not have sooner parted with  
Than such a foldier as you have been, and such a  
friend;  
Nay, I will know the most remote particulars

Of

40 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

Of this your strange petition; that, if I can,  
I still may keep you here.

*Dagw.* Here on the fields of Cressy we are fet-  
tled,

'Till Philip springs the tim'rous covey again.  
The Wolf is hunted down by causeless fear;  
The Lion flees, and fear usurps his heart;  
Startled, astonish'd at the clam'rous Cock;  
The Eagle, that doth gaze upon the sun,  
Fears the small fire that plays about the fen;  
If, at this moment of their idle fear,  
The Dog doth seize the Wolf, the Forester the  
Lion,

The Negro in the crevice of the rock,  
Doth seize the soaring Eagle; undone by flight,  
They tame submit: such the effect flight has  
On noble souls. Now hear its opposite:  
The tim'rous Stag starts from the thicket wild,  
The fearful Crane springs from the splashy fen,  
The shining Snake glides o'er the bending grass,  
The Stag turns head! and bays the crying Hounds;  
The Crane o'ertaken, fighteth with the Hawk;  
The Snake doth turn, and bite the padding foot;  
And, if your Majesty's afraid of Philip,  
You are more like a Lion than a Crane:  
Therefore I beg I may return to England.

*King.* Sir Thomas, now I understand your mirth,  
Which often plays with Wisdom for its pastime,  
And brings good counsel from the breast of laugh-  
ter,

I hope

KING EDWARD THE THIRD. 41

I hope you'll stay, and see us fight this battle,  
And reap rich harvest in the fields of Cressy ;  
Then go to England, tell them how we fight,  
And set all hearts on fire to be with us.  
Philip is plum'd, and thinks we flee from him,  
Else he would never dare to attack us. Now,  
Now the quarry's set ! and Death doth sport  
In the bright sunshine of this fatal day.

*Dagw.* Now my heart dances, and I am as light  
As the young bridegroom going to be married.  
Now must I to my soldiers, get them ready,  
Furbish our armours bright, new plume our helms,  
And we will sing, like the young housewives busied  
In the dairy ; my feet are wing'd, but not  
For flight, an please your grace.

*King.* If all my soldiers are as pleas'd as you,  
'Twill be a gallant thing to fight or die ;  
Then I can never be afraid of Philip.

*Dagw.* A raw-bon'd fellow t'other day pass'd by  
me ;

I told him to put off his hungry looks—  
He answer'd me, “ I hunger for another battle.”  
I saw a little Welchman with a fiery face ;  
I told him he look'd like a candle half  
Burn'd out ; he answer'd, he was “ pig enough  
“ To light another pattle.” Last night, beneath  
The moon I walk'd abroad, when all had pitch'd  
Their tents, and all were still,  
I heard a blooming youth singing a song  
He had compos'd, and at each pause he wip'd

G

His

42 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

His dropping eyes. The ditty was, "if he  
 " Return'd victorious, he should wed a maiden  
 " Fairer than snow, and rich as midsummer."  
 Another wept, and wish'd health to his father.  
 I chid them both, but gave them noble hopes.  
 These are the minds that glory in the battle,  
 And leap and dance to hear the trumpet sound.

*King.* Sir Thomas Dagworth, be thou near our  
 person;

Thy heart is richer than the vales of France :  
 I will not part with such a man as thee.  
 If Philip came arm'd in the ribs of death,  
 And shook his mortal dart against my head,  
 Thoud'ft laugh his fury into nerveless shame !  
 Go now, for thou art suited to the work,  
 Throughout the camp ; enflame the timorous,  
 Blow up the sluggish into ardour, and  
 Confirm the strong with strength, the weak inspire,  
 And wing their brows with hope and expectation :  
 Then to our tent return, and meet to council.

[*Exit Dagworth.*

*Chand.* That man's a hero in his closet, and  
 more

A hero to the servants of his house  
 Than to the gaping world ; he carries windows  
 In that enlarged breast of his, that all  
 May see what's done within.

*Prince.* He is a genuine Englishman, my Chan  
 dos,

And hath the spirit of Liberty within him.

Forgive

Forgive my prejudice, Sir John ; I think  
My Englishmen the bravest people on  
The face of the earth.

*Chand.* Courage, my Lord, proceeds from self-  
dependence ;

Teach man to think he's a free agent,  
Give but a slave his liberty, he'll shake  
Off sloth, and build himself a hut, and hedge  
A spot of ground ; this he'll defend ; 'tis his  
By right of nature : thus set in action,  
He will still move onward to plan conveniences,  
'Till glory fires his breast to enlarge his castle,  
While the poor slave drudges all day, in hope  
To rest at night.

*King.* O Liberty, how glorious art thou !  
I see thee hov'ring o'er my army, with  
Thy wide-stretch'd plumes ; I see thee  
Lead them on to battle ;  
I see thee blow thy golden trumpet, while  
Thy sons shout the strong shout of victory !  
O noble Chandos ! think thyself a gardener,  
My son a vine, which I commit unto  
Thy care ; prune all extravagant shoots, and guide  
Th' ambitious tendrils in the paths of wisdom ;  
Water him with thy advice, and Heav'n  
Rain fresh'ning dew upon his branches. And,  
O Edward, my dear son ! learn to think lowly of  
Thyself, as we may all each prefer other—  
'Tis the best policy, and 'tis our duty.

[*Exeunt King Edward.*

44 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

*Prince.* And may our duty, Chandos, be our  
pleasure—

Now we are alone, Sir John, I will unburden,  
And breathe my hopes into the burning air,  
Where thousand deaths are posting up and down,  
Commision'd to this fatal field of Cressy ;  
Methinks I see them arm my gallant soldiers,  
And gird the sword upon each thigh, and fit  
Each shining helm, and string each stubborn  
bow,

And dance to the neighing of our steeds.  
Methinks the shout begins, the battle burns ;  
Methinks I see them perch on English crests,  
And roar the wild flame of fierce war, upon  
The thronged enemy ! In truth, I am too full ;  
It is my sin to love the noise of war.

Chandos, thou see'st my weakness ; strong nature  
Will bend or break us ; my blood, like a spring-  
tide,

Does rise so high, to overflow all bounds  
Of moderation ; while Reason, in her  
Frail bark, can see no shore or bound for vast  
Ambition. Come, take the helm, my Chandos,  
That my full-blown sails overset me not  
In the wild tempest ; condemn my 'ventrous  
youth,

That plays with danger, as the innocent child,  
Unthinking, plays upon the viper's den :  
I am a coward, in my reason, Chandos.

*Chand.*



KING EDWARD THE THIRD. 45

*Chand.* You are a man, my prince, and a brave  
man,

If I can judge of actions ; but your heat  
Is the effect of youth, and want of use ;  
Use makes the armed field and noisy war  
Pass over as a summer cloud, unregarded,  
Or but expected as a thing of course.  
Age is contemplative ; each rolling year  
Brings forth fruit to the mind's treasure-house ;  
While vacant youth doth crave and seek about  
Within itself, and findeth discontent :  
Then, tir'd of thought, impatient takes the wing,  
Seizes the fruits of time, attacks experience,  
Roams round vast Nature's forest, where no bounds  
Are set, the swiftest may have room, the strongest  
Find prey ; till tir'd at length, fated and tired  
With the changing sameness, old variety,  
We sit us down, and view our former joys  
With distaste and dislike.

*Prince.* Then if we must tug for experience,  
Let us not fear to beat round Nature's wilds,  
And rouse the strongest prey ; then if we fall,  
We fall with glory ; I know the wolf  
Is dangerous to fight, not good for food,  
Nor is the hide a comely vestment ; so  
We have our battle for our pains. I know  
That youth has need of age to point fit prey,  
And oft the stander-by shall steal the fruit  
Of th' other's labour. This is philosophy ;  
These are the tricks of the world ; but the pure soul  
Shall

46 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

Shall mount on native wings, disdain  
 Little sport, and cut a path into the heaven of  
 glory,

Leaving a track of light for men to wonder at.  
 I'm glad my father does not hear me talk ;  
 You can find friendly excuses for me, Chandos ;  
 But do you not think, Sir John, that if it please  
 Th' Almighty to stretch out my span of life,  
 I shall with pleasure view a glorious action,  
 Which my youth master'd.

*Chand.* Considerate age, my Lord, views motives,  
 And not acts ; when neither warbling voice,  
 Nor trilling pipe is heard, nor pleasure fits  
 With trembling age ; the voice of Conscience then,  
 Sweeter than music in a summer's eve,  
 Shall warble round the snowy head, and keep  
 Sweet symphony to feather'd angels, fitting  
 As guardians round your chair ; then shall the  
 pulse  
 Beat slow, and taste, and touch, and sight, and  
 sound, and smell,  
 That sing and dance round Reason's fine-wrought  
 throne,  
 Shall flee away, and leave them all forlorn ;  
 Yet not forlorn if Conscience is his friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE in *Sir Thomas Dagworth's Tent. Dagworth and William his Man.*

*Dagw.* Bring hither my armour, William ;  
Ambition is the growth of ev'ry clime.

*Will.* Does it grow in England, Sir ?

*Dagw.* Aye, it grows most in lands most cultivated.

*Will.* Then it grows most in France ; the vines here

Are finer than any we have in England.

*Dagw.* Aye, but the oaks are not.

*Will.* What is the tree you mentioned ? I don't think

I ever saw it.

*Dagw.* Ambition.

*Will.* Is it a little creeping root that grows in ditches ?

*Dagw.* Thou dost not understand me, William.  
It is a root that grows in every breast ;  
Ambition is the desire or passion that one man  
Has to get before another, in any pursuit after glory ;  
But I don't think you have any of it.

*Will.* Yes, I have ; I have a great ambition to know every thing, Sir.

*Dagw.* But when our first ideas are wrong, what follows must all be wrong of course ; 'tis best to know a little, and to know that little aright.

*Will.* Then, Sir, I should be glad to know if it was not ambition that brought over our King to France to fight for his right ?

*Dagw.*

48 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

*Dagw.* Tho' the knowledge of that will not profit thee much, yet I will tell you that it was ambition.

*Will.* Then if ambition is a sin, we are all guilty in coming with him, and in fighting for him.

*Dagw.* Now, William, thou dost thrust the question home; but I must tell you, that guilt being an act of the mind, none are guilty but those whose minds are prompted by that same ambition.

*Will.* Now I always thought, that a man might be guilty of doing wrong, without knowing it was wrong.

*Dagw.* Thou art a natural philosopher, and knowest truth by instinct; while reason runs a-ground, as we have run our argument. Only remember, William, all have it in their power to know the motives of their own actions, and 'tis a sin to act without some reason.

*Will.* And whoever acts without reason, may do a great deal of harm without knowing it.

*Dagw.* Thou art an endless moralist.

*Will.* Now there's a story come into my head, that I will tell your honour, if you'll give me leave.

*Dagw.* No, William, save it till another time; this is no time for story-telling; but here comes one who is as entertaining as a good story.

*Enter*

*Enter Peter Blunt.*

*Peter.* Yonder's a musician going to play before the King; it's a new song about the French and English, and the Prince has made the minstrel a 'squire, and given him I don't know what, and I can't tell whether he don't mention us all one by one; and he is to write another about all us that are to die, that we may be remembered in Old England, for all our blood and bones are in France; and a great deal more that we shall all hear by and by; and I came to tell your honour, because you love to hear war-songs.

*Dagw.* And who is this minstrel, Peter, do'st know?

*Peter.* O aye, I forgot to tell that; he has got the same name as Sir John Chandos, that the prince is always with—the wise man, that knows us all as well as your honour, only e'nt so good natur'd.

*Dagw.* I thank you, Peter, for your information, but not for your compliment, which is not true; there's as much difference between him and me, as between glittering sand and fruitful mold; or shining glass and a wrought diamond, set in rich gold, and fitted to the finger of an emperor: such is that worthy Chandos.

*Peter.* I know your honour does not think any thing of yourself, but every body else does.

*Dagw.* Go, Peter, get you gone; flattery is delicious, even from the lips of a babbler. [*Exit Peter.*

H

*Will.*

50 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

*Will.* I never flatter your honour.

*Dagw.* I don't know that.

*Will.* Why you know, Sir, when we were in England, at the tournament at Windfor, and the Earl of Warwick was tumbled over, you ask'd me if he did not look well when he fell? and I said, No, he look'd very foolish; and you was very angry with me for not flattering you.

*Dagw.* You mean that I was angry with you for not flattering the Earl of Warwick.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Sir Thomas Dagworth's Tent.* *Sir Thomas Dagworth—to him.*

*Enter Sir Walter Manny.*

*Sir Walter.* Sir Thomas Dagworth, I have been weeping  
Over the men that are to die to-day.

*Dagw.* Why, brave Sir Walter, you or I may fall.

*Sir Walter.* I know this breathing flesh must lie and rot,

Cover'd with filence and forgetfulness.—  
Death wons in cities' smoke, and in still night,  
When men sleep in their beds, walketh about!  
How many in walled cities lie and groan,  
Turning themselves upon their beds,  
Talking with death, answering his hard demands!  
How many walk in darkness, terrors are round

The

The curtains of their beds, destruction is  
 Ready at the door ! How many sleep  
 In earth, cover'd with stones and deathly dust,  
 Resting in quietness, whose spirits walk  
 Upon the clouds of heaven, to die no more !  
 Yet death is terrible, tho' borne on angels' wings !  
 How terrible then is the field of death,  
 Where he doth rend the vault of heaven,  
 And shake the gates of hell !  
 O Dagworth, France is sick ! the very sky,  
 Tho' sunshine light it, seems to me as pale  
 As the pale fainting man on his death-bed,  
 Whose face is shewn by light of flickly taper !  
 It makes me sad and sick at very heart,  
 Thousands must fall to-day !

*Dagw.* Thousands of souls must leave this pri-  
 son house,

To be exalted to those heavenly fields,  
 Where songs of triumph, palms of victory,  
 Where peace, and joy, and love, and calm con-  
 tent,  
 Sit singing in the azure clouds, and strew  
 Flowers of heaven's growth over the banquet-table :  
 Bind ardent Hope upon your feet like shoes,  
 Put on the robe of preparation,  
 The table is prepar'd in shining heaven,  
 The flowers of immortality are blown ;  
 Let those that fight, fight in good stedfastness,  
 And those that fall shall rise in victory.

52 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

*Sir Walter.* I've often seen the burning field of  
war,  
And often heard the dismal clang of arms ;  
But never, till this fatal day of Cressy,  
Has my soul fainted with these views of death !  
I seem to be in one great charnel-house,  
And seem to scent the rotten carcases !  
I seem to hear the dismal yells of death,  
While the black gore drops from his horrid jaws ;  
Yet I not fear the monster in his pride.—  
But O the souls that are to die to-day !

*Dagw.* Stop, brave Sir Walter ; let me drop a  
tear,  
Then let the clarion of war begin ;  
I'll fight and weep, 'tis in my country's cause ;  
I'll weep and shout for glorious liberty.  
Grim war shall laugh and shout, decked in tears,  
And blood shall flow like streams across the mea-  
dows,  
That murmur down their pebbly channels, and  
Spend their sweet lives to do their country service :  
Then shall England's verdure shoot, her fields shall  
smile,  
Her ships shall sing across the foaming sea,  
Her mariners shall use the flute and viol,  
And rattling guns, and black and dreary war,  
Shall be no more.

*Sir Walter.* Well ; let the trumpet sound, and  
the drum beat ;  
Let war stain the blue heavens with bloody banners,  
I'll



I'll draw my sword, nor ever sheath it up,  
 'Till England blow the trump of victory,  
 Or I lay stretch'd upon the field of death !

*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *in the Camp.* Several of the Warriors  
 met at the King's Tent with a Minstrel, who sings  
 the following Song :

**O** SONS of Trojan Brutus, cloath'd in war,  
 Whose voices are the thunder of the field,  
 Rolling dark clouds o'er France, muffling the sun  
 In fickle darkness like a dim eclipse,  
 Threatening as the red brow of storms, as fire  
 Burning up nations in your wrath and fury !

Your ancestors came from the fires of Troy,  
 (Like lions rous'd by light'ning from their dens,  
 Whose eyes do glare against the stormy fires)  
 Heated with war, fill'd with the blood of Greeks,  
 With helmets hewn, and shields covered with gore,  
 In navies black, broken with wind and tide !

They landed in firm array upon the rocks  
 Of Albion ; they kiss'd the rocky shore ;  
 " Be thou our mother, and our nurse," they said ;  
 " Our children's mother, and thou shalt be our  
     " grave ;  
 " The sepulchre of ancient Troy, from whence  
 " Shall rise cities, and thrones, and arms, and  
     " awful pow'rs.

Our

54 KING EDWARD THE THIRD.

Our fathers swarm from the ships. Giant voices  
Are heard from the hills, the enormous fons  
Of Ocean run from rocks and caves : wild men,  
Naked and roaring like lions, hurling rocks,  
And wielding knotty clubs, like oaks entangled  
Thick as a forest, ready for the axe.

Our fathers move in firm array to battle,  
The savage monsters rush like roaring fire ;  
Like as a forest roars with crackling flames,  
When the red lightning, borne by furious storms,  
Lights on some woody shore ; the parched heavens  
Rain fire into the molten raging sea !

The smoking trees are strewn upon the shore,  
Spoil'd of their verdure ! O how oft have they  
Defy'd the storm that howled o'er their heads !  
Our fathers, sweating, lean on their spears, and  
view

The mighty dead : giant bodies, streaming blood,  
Dread visages, frowning in silent death !

Then Brutus spoke, inspir'd ; our fathers sit  
Attentive on the melancholy shore :——  
Hear ye the voice of Brutus—“ The flowing waves  
“ Of time come rolling o'er my breast,” he said ;  
“ And my heart labours with futurity :  
“ Our sons shall rule the empire of the sea.

“ Their mighty wings shall stretch from east to west,  
“ Their nest is in the sea ; but they shall roam  
“ Like

“ Like eagles for the prey ; nor shall the young  
“ Crave or be heard ; for plenty shall bring forth,  
“ Cities shall sing, and vales in rich array  
“ Shall laugh, whose fruitful laps bend down with  
“ fulness.

“ Our sons shall rise from thrones in joy,  
“ Each one buckling on his armour ; Morning  
“ Shall be prevented by their swords gleaming,  
“ And Evening hear their song of victory !  
“ Their towers shall be built upon the rocks,  
“ Their daughters shall sing, surrounded with  
shining spears !

“ Liberty shall stand upon the cliffs of Albion,  
“ Casting her blue eyes over the green ocean ;  
“ Or, tow’ring, stand upon the roaring waves,  
“ Stretching her mighty spear o’er distant lands ;  
“ While, with her eagle wings, she covereth  
“ Fair Albion’s shore, and all her families.”

P R O L O G U E,  
 INTENDED FOR A DRAMATIC PIECE OF  
 KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

O For a voice like thunder, and a tongue  
 To drown the throat of war!—When the  
 senses

Are shaken, and the soul is driven to madness,  
 Who can stand? When the souls of the oppressed  
 Fight in the troubled air that rages, who can  
 stand?

When the whirlwind of fury comes from the  
 Throne of God, when the frowns of his counte-  
 nance

Drive the nations together, who can stand?

When Sin claps his broad wings over the battle,  
 And sails rejoicing in the flood of Death;

When souls are torn to everlasting fire,

And fiends of Hell rejoice upon the slain,

O who can stand? O who hath caused this?

O who can answer at the throne of God?

The Kings and Nobles of the Land have done it!

Hear it not, Heaven, thy Ministers have done it!

## PROLOGUE TO KING JOHN.

**J**USTICE hath heaved a sword to plunge in  
 Albion's breast; for Albion's sins are crimson  
 dy'd, and the red scourge follows her desolate  
 sons! Then Patriot rose; full oft did Patriot  
 rise, when Tyranny hath stain'd fair Albion's breast  
 with her own children's gore. Round his ma-  
 jestic feet deep thunders roll; each heart does  
 tremble, and each knee grows slack. The stars  
 of heaven tremble: the roaring voice of war, the  
 trumpet, calls to battle! Brother in brother's blood  
 must bathe, rivers of death! O land, most hapless!  
 O beauteous island, how forsaken! Weep from  
 thy silver fountains; weep from thy gentle rivers!  
 The angel of the island weeps! Thy widowed vir-  
 gins weep beneath thy shades! Thy aged fathers  
 gird themselves for war! The sucking infant lives  
 to die in battle; the weeping mother feeds him  
 for the slaughter! The husbandman doth leave his  
 bending harvest! Blood cries afar! The land doth  
 sow itself! The glittering youth of courts must  
 gleam in arms! The aged senators their ancient  
 swords assume! The trembling sinews of old age  
 must work the work of death against their pro-  
 geny; for Tyranny hath stretch'd his purple arm,  
 and "blood," he cries; "the chariots and the  
 I " horses,

58 A WAR SONG TO ENGLISHMEN.

“ horses, the noise of shout, and dreadful thunder  
“ of the battle heard afar !”—Beware, O Proud !  
thou shalt be humbled ; thy cruel brow, thine iron  
heart is smitten, though lingering Fate is slow.  
O yet may Albion smile again, and stretch her  
peaceful arms, and raise her golden head, exult-  
ingly ! Her citizens shall throng about her gates,  
her mariners shall sing upon the sea, and myriads  
shall to her temples crowd ! Her sons shall joy as  
in the morning ! Her daughters sing as to the  
rising year !

A WAR SONG  
TO ENGLISHMEN.

**P**REPARE, prepare, the iron helm of war,  
Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb ;  
Th' Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,  
And casts them out upon the darken'd earth !

Prepare, prepare.

Prepare your hearts for Death's cold hand ! pre-  
pare  
Your souls for flight, your bodies for the earth !  
Prepare your arms for glorious victory !  
Prepare your eyes to meet a holy God !

Prepare, prepare.

Whose

A WAR SONG TO ENGLISHMEN. 59

Whose fatal scroll is that? Methinks 'tis mine!  
Why sinks my heart, why faltereth my tongue?  
Had I three lives, I'd die in such a cause,  
And rise, with ghosts, over the well-fought field.  
Prepare, prepare.

The arrows of Almighty God are drawn!  
Angels of Death stand in the low'ring heavens!  
Thousands of souls must seek the realms of light,  
And walk together on the clouds of heaven!  
Prepare, prepare.

Soldiers, prepare! Our cause is Heaven's cause;  
Soldiers, prepare! Be worthy of our cause:  
Prepare to meet our fathers in the sky:  
Prepare, O troops, that are to fall to-day!  
Prepare, prepare.

Alfred shall smile, and make his harp rejoice;  
The Norman William, and the learned Clerk,  
And Lion Heart, and black-brow'd Edward,  
with  
His loyal queen shall rise, and welcome us!  
Prepare, prepare.

T H E  
C O U C H O F D E A T H.

**T**H E veiled Evening walked solitary down the western hills, and Silence reposed in the valley; the birds of day were heard in their nests, rustling in brakes and thickets; and the owl and bat flew round the darkening trees: all is silent when Nature takes her repose.—In former times, on such an evening, when the cold clay breathed with life, and our ancestors, who now sleep in their graves, walked on the steadfast globe, the remains of a family of the tribes of Earth, a mother and a sister were gathered to the sick bed of a youth: Sorrow linked them together, leaning on one another's necks alternately—like lilies, dropping tears in each other's bosom, they stood by the bed like reeds bending over a lake, when the evening drops trickle down. His voice was low as the whisperings of the woods when the wind is asleep, and the visions of Heaven unfold their visitation. “ Parting is hard, and death is terrible; “ I seem to walk through a deep valley, far from “ the light of day, alone and comfortless! The “ damps of death fall thick upon me! Horrors “ stare me in the face! I look behind, there is no “ returning;



## THE COUCH OF DEATH. 61

“ returning ; Death follows after me ; I walk in  
“ regions of Death, where no tree is ; without a  
“ lantern to direct my steps, without a staff to  
“ support me.” — Thus he laments through the  
still evening, till the curtains of darkness were  
drawn ! Like the found of a broken pipe, the  
aged woman raised her voice. “ O my son,  
“ my son, I know but little of the path thou  
“ goest ! But lo, there is a God, who made  
“ the world ; stretch out thy hand to Him.” The  
youth replied, like a voice heard from a sepulchre,  
“ My hand is feeble, how should I stretch it out ?  
“ My ways are sinful, how should I raise mine eyes ?  
“ My voice hath used deceit, how should I call on  
“ Him who is Truth ? My breath is loathsome,  
“ how should he not be offended ? If I lay my  
“ face in the dust, the grave opens its mouth for  
“ me ; if I lift up my head, sin covers me as a  
“ cloak ! O my dear friends, pray ye for me !  
“ Stretch forth your hands, that my helper may  
“ come ! Through the void space I walk be-  
“ tween the sinful world and eternity ! Beneath  
“ me burns eternal fire ! O for a hand to pluck  
“ me forth !” As the voice of an omen heard in  
the silent valley, when the few inhabitants cling  
trembling together ; as the voice of the Angel of  
Death, when the thin beams of the moon give a  
faint light, such was this young man’s voice to his  
friends ! Like the bubbling waters of the brook  
in the dead of night, the aged woman raised her  
cry,

## 62 THE COUCH OF DEATH.

cry, and said, "O Voice, that dwellest in my  
" breast, can I not cry, and lift my eyes to  
" Heaven? Thinking of this, my spirit is turned  
" within me into confusion! O my child, my  
" child! is thy breath infected? So is mine.  
" As the deer, wounded by the brooks of water,  
" so the arrows of sin stick in my flesh; the poison  
" hath entered into my marrow."—Like rolling  
waves, upon a desert shore, sighs succeeded sighs;  
they covered their faces, and wept! The youth  
lay silent—his mother's arm was under his head;  
he was like a cloud tossed by the winds, till the  
sun shine, and the drops of rain glisten, the yellow  
harvest breathes, and the thankful eyes of the vil-  
lagers are turned up in smiles. The traveller that  
hath taken shelter under an oak, eyes the distant  
country with joy! Such smiles were seen upon  
the face of the youth! a visionary hand wiped  
away his tears, and a ray of light beamed around  
his head! All was still. The moon hung  
not out her lamp, and the stars faintly glim-  
mered in the summer sky; the breath of night  
slept among the leaves of the forest; the bosom  
of the lofty hill drank in the silent dew, while on  
his majestic brow the voice of Angels is heard,  
and stringed sounds ride upon the wings of night.  
The sorrowful pair lift up their heads, hovering  
Angels are around them, voices of comfort are  
heard over the Couch of Death, and the youth  
breathes out his soul with joy into eternity.

C O N-

## CONTEMPLATION.

**W**H O is this, that with unerring step dares  
 tempt the wilds, where only Nature's foot  
 hath trod? 'Tis Contemplation, daughter of the  
 grey Morning! Majestical she steppeth, and with  
 her pure quill on every flower writeth Wisdom's  
 name. Now lowly bending, whispers in mine  
 ear, "O man, how great, how little thou! O  
 man, slave of each moment, lord of eternity! see'st  
 thou where Mirth fits on the painted cheek? doth  
 it not seem ashamed of such a place, and grow im-  
 moderate to brave it out? O what an humble garb  
 true Joy puts on! Those who want Happiness  
 must stoop to find it; it is a flower that grows in  
 every vale. Vain foolish man, that roams on lofty  
 rocks! where, 'cause his garments are swoln with  
 wind, he fancies he is grown into a giant! Lo  
 then, Humility, take it, and wear it in thine heart;  
 lord of thyself, thou then art lord of all. Clamour  
 brawls along the streets, and destruction hovers in  
 the city's smoak; but on these plains, and in these  
 silent woods, true joys descend: here build thy  
 nest; here fix thy staff; delights blossom around;  
 numberless beauties blow; the green grass springs  
 in joy, and the nimble air kisses the leaves; the  
 brook stretches its arms along the velvet meadow,  
 its

its silver inhabitants sport and play; the youthful  
 fun joys like a hunter roused to the chace: he  
 rushes up the sky, and lays hold on the immortal  
 coursers of day; the sky glitters with the jingling  
 trappings! Like a triumph, season follows season,  
 while the airy music fills the world with joyful  
 sounds." I answered, " Heavenly goddess! I am  
 " wrapped in mortality, my flesh is a prison, my  
 " bones the bars of death, Misery builds over our  
 " cottage roofs, and Discontent runs like a brook.  
 " Even in childhood, Sorrow slept with me in my  
 " cradle; he followed me up and down in the  
 " house when I grew up; he was my school-  
 " fellow: thus he was in my steps and in my  
 " play, till he became to me as my brother. I  
 " walked through dreary places with him, and in  
 " church-yards; and I oft found myself sitting by  
 " Sorrow on a tomb-stone!"

## S A M S O N .

**S**AMSON, the strongest of the children of  
 men, I sing; how he was foiled by woman's  
 arts, by a false wife brought to the gates of death!  
 O Truth, that shinest with propitious beams,  
 turning our earthly night to heavenly day, from  
 presence of the Almighty Father! thou visitest our  
 darkling world with blessed feet, bringing good  
 news of Sin and Death destroyed! O white-robed  
 Angel,

Angel, guide my timorous hand to write as on a lofty rock with iron pens the words of truth, that all who pass may read.—Now Night, noon-tide of damned spirits, over the silent earth spreads her pavilion, while in dark council sat Philista's lords; and where strength failed, black thoughts in ambush lay. Their helmed youth and aged warriors in dust together lay, and Desolation spreads his wings over the land of Palestine; from side to side the land groans, her prowess lost, and seeks to hide her bruised head under the mists of night, breeding dark plots. For Dalila's fair arts have long been tried in vain; in vain she wept in many a treacherous tear. “Go on, fair  
 “ traitress; do thy guileful work; ere once again  
 “ the changing moon her circuit hath performed,  
 “ thou shalt overcome, and conquer him by force  
 “ unconquerable, and wrest his secret from him.  
 “ Call thine alluring arts and honest-seeming  
 “ brow, the holy kiss of love, and the transpa-  
 “ rent tear; put on fair linen, that with the lily  
 “ vies, purple and silver; neglect thy hair, to seem  
 “ more lovely in thy loose attire; put on thy  
 “ country's pride, deceit; and eyes of love decked  
 “ in mild sorrow, and sell thy Lord for gold.”—  
 For now, upon her sumptuous couch reclined, in gorgeous pride, she still intreats, and still she grasps his vigorous knees with her fair arms. — “Thou  
 “ lov'st me not! thou'rt war, thou art not love!  
 “ O foolish Dalila! O weak woman! it is death  
 K “ cloathed

“ cloathed in flesh thou lovest, and thou hast been  
 “ incircled in his arms!—Alas, my Lord, what  
 “ am I calling thee? Thou art my God! To thee  
 “ I pour my tears for sacrifice morning and even-  
 “ ing: My days are covered with sorrow! Shut  
 “ up; darkened: By night I am deceived! Who  
 “ says that thou wast born of mortal kind? De-  
 “ struction was thy father, a lionsess suckled thee,  
 “ thy young hands tore human limbs, and gorged  
 “ human flesh! Come hither, Death; art thou  
 “ not Samson’s servant? ’Tis Dalila that calls;  
 “ thy master’s wife; no, stay, and let thy master  
 “ do the deed: one blow of that strong arm would  
 “ ease my pain; then should I lay at quiet, and  
 “ have rest. Pity forsook thee at thy birth! O  
 “ Dagon furious, and all ye gods of Palestine,  
 “ withdraw your hand! I am but a weak woman.  
 “ Alas, I am wedded to your enemy! I will go  
 “ mad, and tear my crisped hair; I’ll run about,  
 “ and pierce the ears o’th’ gods! O Samson, hold  
 “ me not; thou lovest me not! Look not upon  
 “ me with those deathful eyes! Thou wouldst  
 “ my death, and death approaches fast.”—Thus,  
 in false tears, she bath’d his feet, and thus she  
 day by day oppress’d his soul: he seem’d a  
 mountain, his brow among the clouds; she seem’d  
 a silver stream, his feet embracing. Dark thoughts  
 rolled to and fro in his mind, like thunder clouds,  
 troubling the sky; his visage was troubled; his soul  
 was distress’d.—“ Though I should tell her all my  
 “ heart,

“ heart, what can I fear? Though I should tell  
 “ this secret of my birth, the utmost may be  
 “ warded off as well when told as now.” She saw  
 him moved, and thus resumes her wiles.—“ Sam-  
 “ son, I’m thine; do with me what thou wilt;  
 “ my friends are enemies; my life is death; I  
 “ am a traitor to my nation, and despised; my  
 “ joy is given into the hands of him who hates  
 “ me, using deceit to the wife of his bosom.  
 “ Thrice hast thou mocked me, and grieved my  
 “ soul. Didst thou not tell me with green withs  
 “ to bind thy nervous arms, and after that, when  
 “ I had found thy falsehood, with new ropes to  
 “ bind thee fast? I knew thou didst but mock  
 “ me. Alas, when in thy sleep I bound thee  
 “ with them to try thy truth, I cried, The Phi-  
 “ listines be upon thee, Samson! Then did su-  
 “ spicion wake thee; how didst thou rend the  
 “ feeble ties! Thou fearest nought, what  
 “ shouldst thou fear? Thy power is more than  
 “ mortal, none can hurt thee; thy bones are  
 “ brass, thy sinews are iron! Ten thousand spears  
 “ are like the summer grass; an army of mighty  
 “ men are as flocks in the vallies; what canst  
 “ thou fear? I drink my tears like water; I  
 “ live upon sorrow! O worse than wolves and  
 “ tygers, what canst thou give when such a trifle  
 “ is denied me? But O at last thou mockest me  
 “ to shame my over-fond inquiry! Thou toldest  
 “ me to weave thee to the beam by thy strong  
 K 2 “ hair;

“ hair ; I did even that to try thy truth : but  
 “ when I cried, The Philistines be upon thee, then  
 “ didst thou leave me to bewail that Samson loved  
 “ me not.”—He sat, and inward griev’d, he saw  
 and lov’d the beauteous suppliant, nor could con-  
 ceal aught that might appease her ; then, leaning  
 on her bosom, thus he spoke : “ Hear, O Da-  
 “ lila ! doubt no more of Samson’s love ; for that  
 “ fair breast was made the ivory palace of my in-  
 “ most heart, where it shall lie at rest ; for sorrow  
 “ is the lot of all of woman born : for care was I  
 “ brought forth, and labour is my lot : nor match-  
 “ less might, nor wisdom, nor every gift enjoyed,  
 “ can from the heart of man hide sorrow.—Twice  
 “ was my birth foretold from heaven, and twice  
 “ a sacred vow enjoined me that I should drink no  
 “ wine, nor eat of any unclean thing, for holy  
 “ unto Israel’s God I am, a Nazarite even from  
 “ my mother’s womb. Twice was it told, that it  
 “ might not be broken, Grant me a son, kind  
 “ Heaven, Manoa cried ; but Heaven refused !  
 “ Childless he mourned, but thought his God knew  
 “ best. In solitude, though not obscure, in Israel  
 “ he lived, till venerable age came on : his flocks  
 “ increased, and plenty crowned his board : be-  
 “ loved, revered of man ! But God hath other  
 “ joys in store. Is burdened Israel his grief ?  
 “ The son of his old age shall set it free ! The  
 “ venerable sweetner of his life receives the pro-  
 “ mise first from Heaven. She saw the maidens  
 “ play,



“ play, and blessed their innocent mirth; she  
“ blessed each new-joined pair; but from her  
“ the long-wished deliverer shall spring. Pen-  
“ sive, alone she sat within the house, when busy  
“ day was fading, and calm evening, time for  
“ contemplation, rose from the forsaken east, and  
“ drew the curtains of heaven; pensive she sat, and  
“ thought on Israel’s grief, and silent prayed to  
“ Israel’s God; when lo, an angel from the fields  
“ of light entered the house! His form was man-  
“ hood in the prime, and from his spacious brow  
“ shot terrors through the evening shade! But  
“ mild he hailed her——Hail, highly favoured!  
“ said he; for lo, thou shalt conceive, and bear a  
“ son, and Israel’s strength shall be upon his  
“ shoulders, and he shall be called Israel’s Deli-  
“ verer! Now therefore drink no wine, and eat  
“ not any unclean thing, for he shall be a Naza-  
“ rite to God. — Then, as a neighbour when his  
“ evening tale is told, departs, his blessing leaving;  
“ so seemed he to depart: she wondered with ex-  
“ ceeding joy, nor knew he was an angel. Manoa  
“ left his fields to sit in the house, and take his  
“ evening’s rest from labour—the sweetest time that  
“ God has allotted mortal man. He sat, and heard  
“ with joy, and praised God who Israel still doth  
“ keep. The time rolled on, and Israel groaned  
“ oppressed. The sword was bright, while the  
“ plow-share rusted, till hope grew feeble, and  
“ was ready to give place to doubting: then  
“ prayed

“ prayed Manoa—O Lord, thy flock is scattered  
 “ on the hills! The wolf teareth them, Oppres-  
 “ sion stretches his rod over our land, our country  
 “ is plowed with swords, and reaped in blood!  
 “ The echoes of slaughter reach from hill to hill!  
 “ Instead of peaceful pipe, the shepherd bears a  
 “ sword; the ox goad is turned into a spear! O  
 “ when shall our Deliverer come? The Philistine  
 “ riots on our flocks, our vintage is gathered by  
 “ bands of enemies! Stretch forth thy hand, and  
 “ save.—Thus prayed Manoa. The aged wo-  
 “ man walked into the field, and lo, again the  
 “ angel came! Clad as a traveller fresh risen on  
 “ his journey, she ran and called her husband, who  
 “ came and talked with him. — O man of  
 “ God, said he, thou comest from far! Let us  
 “ detain thee while I make ready a kid, that thou  
 “ mayest sit and eat, and tell us of thy name and  
 “ warfare; that when thy sayings come to pass,  
 “ we may honour thee. The Angel answered,  
 “ My name is wonderful; enquire not after it,  
 “ seeing it is a secret: but, if thou wilt, offer an  
 “ offering unto the Lord.”



T H E E N D.







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